

Angel Standing By

by Ten'ou Noriko

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Summary: Graphic scenes, swearing maybe, A Sailormoon story from the POVs of Michiru and Haruka. My first o

Angel Standing By

Angel Standing By A haruka Michiru story by Shea Akers

Angel Standing Over You By ten'ou Noriko

Quick run through: YAMADA: Haruka's competition MARY: Maid, A character by Mallory SARAH: Cook A character by Mallory ROBERT: Horse Groomer A character by Mallory MICHIRU: Haruka's lover, Sailor Neptune HARUKA: Michiru's lover, Sailor Uranus USAGI: Sailor Moon, AMI: Sailor Mercury MINAKO: Sailor Venus MAKOTO: Sailor Jupiter REI: Sailor Mars

Angel Standing Over You By Shea Akers

DISCLAIMER: Song lyrics by Jewel, used without her permission, but they're by Jewel, Mary, Robert and Sarah characters by Mallory, not me. There are some weird scenes, If you are greatly offended by homosexuality, don't read this. I can't really see why one would be offended but to each his own, right? If you are greatly perturbed by the way I portray Haruka or Michiru or Yamada or whoever, tell me. I'll see if it's a valid complaint and fix it. Email me with comments. I love to get them!! [sheakers@email.com](mailto:sheakers@email.com) enjoy this, it's a fanfic and I'd like you to. I thank Greenbeans and her buddy for that list on the outer senshi. It helped. Arigato! ENJOY!

\* \* \* \* \*

Yamada stood by Haruka and Michiru's home. It was peaceful and nice enough. Yamada scoffed at how Haruka sat on the front steps, taking in the sun, letting it bronze her skin. She seemed so peaceful, yet still had her arrogant and vain persona. "Not for long," thought Yamada. That girl was too much for him- beating him every time, mocking him in front of the crowds, stealing his sponsors, acting

like she was superior or something. A rustle came from the brush and Yamada quickly hid. Michiru walked up, past Yamada, not noticing, oblivious to the oncoming danger. She stopped across from Yamada, picking a flower, the deep purple of its petals appealing to her. Yamada took a rag from his pocket, pouring a liquid on it. He crept up behind her, choking her with it. She made a small noise before collapsing into Yamada's arms. Haruka stirred a bit as she woke up. "Michiru?" She called. Michiru, Yamada thought, her name rolling off his tongue. She was extremely beautiful but too delicate for a person such as Haruka. Maybe she was good for him. Yamada quickly put it out of his mind. He was here to do a job- bother Haruka. He dragged Michiru off, knowing that this would hurt more than anything in the world. Haruka sat up, panic widening over her eyes. She said with a little more strength, "MICHIRU!?" No answer. Haruka jumped from the stairs. A million questions ravaged through Haruka's mind; where was she? What did she just hear?? It sounded like Michiru. What if something was wrong? What then? Terrifying thoughts flashed through Haruka's mind. A car engine sounded in the distance. She ran towards the driveway to find a car driving away, Michiru hanging from the side, unconscious. "MICHIRU!" Haruka screamed! She couldn't believe this was happening! Her heart left with the unmarked car, which was driving away with her only true love. Mary came rushing out at the screams. Haruka was half way down the driveway. She stopped as Michiru and the unknown driver left her eyesight. Haruka dropped to her knees in terror, letting out an agonizing scream. Mary rushed out to her. "Ms. Ten'ou!? What's the matter?"

"They took Michiru. She's gone. kidnapped!" "We MUST call the police.." "No" "Excuse me, Ms. Ten'ou?" "They'll. they'll. We just can't." "Ms. Ten'ou." Haruka stood up and thrust a piece of paper into Mary. Mary lifted it up and read it over carefully. It was obviously intended for Michiru, but the plans had been changed. It read:

Michiru, I'm sorry to leave you hanging but Haruka and I had some matters to discuss. I cannot guarantee that you'll see her again, of course things can be arranged. Perhaps the 3 million Haruka won last race? I'll contact you. Remember, no police. You do want Haruka back in one piece, right?

Haruka sat down and leaned against a tree, her hands rubbing her fear filled face. "Mary, It was meant for me. Michiru might die because of me!" "You wouldn't. you couldn't have known." "But.." "Come, we'll call the police." "We can't, she'll die! They'll kill her!" "Then, Ms. Ten'ou, I suggest you wait until you're contacted." "I. I. I. Don't want. ok." Haruka was strangely passive, unlike herself, this event had shocked her so. "Come, I know it's a misfortune." "More than that, A tragedy, a disaster, a catastrophe." "She'll be fine. I'll make tea, and you rest. Michiru will be fine. We'll do exactly as the note says. Come-on dear." "I'll be right in" "Ok." Mary walked away with a worried look. Haruka spied something glittering on the ground. She walked over to get a closer look at the shining object on the ground. She gritted her teeth as she picked it up, her fists clenching around the metal object; a metallic medallion. Anger burnt through her eyes, shooting arrows of hatred as she muttered the name, "Yamada!"

Yamada sat in his seat staring at Michiru, sleeping soundly on the old mattress. Her chest lifted in slumberous breaths. Yamada played with a pencil, roughly drawing doodles on the badly rotted table. He

hated to bring such a beautiful lady here but the end justifies the means. Her aquamarine hair spread so wonderfully over the sheets. Her eyes were so delicate, despite the fear that Yamada had put in them. He bit his lip at what he caused pain to. This was originally a plan to get Haruka. He only wanted to pain Haruka, and pain her he did. Yamada smiled maliciously when his thoughts turned to Haruka chasing after him, then falling to the ground, on her knees. She deserved this, the end did indeed justify the means. Michiru sat up, still dazed from the chemicals she'd inhaled. Yamada took a gun out and placed it by his hand, in easy reach, as a silent warning to his captive. Michiru opened her eyes, her green, green eyes that were so beautiful, the fear from before immediately rushed back to them. She sat up immediately, and she backed her self up against the headboard of the bed. She looked around at her surroundings, devising plan after plan. The place was pretty fortified and solid. She met eyes with her captor. "YOU! What are you doing here!? Why am I here!? Where's Haruka!?" "She'll be coming. I'm sorry to do this to you, it's between Haruka and me." "Then why did you take me?" "It was a mix up. You almost found me, I had no choice, I'm sorry. Would you like anything? A drink maybe?" "ARE YOU CRAZY? Take me to Haruka now!" "I can't do that. Haruka needs to pay." Michiru leapt to her feet and rushed towards the door in an effort that was all in vain. Yamada grabbed his gun and shot the door. Michiru halted, shuddering slightly at the obvious threat. Yamada frowned at her fear, biting his lip once again. He let go of his arm, letting it droop, then lifted it up taking a deep breath. He placed it gently against Michiru's back. "Sit," He commanded, "I'm sorry but you have to understand. I really don't want to keep you here, I'd rather have Haruka." Yamada padlocked the door. "Can't you just leave us alone?" "No, I want to get Haruka! I'm GOING to get Haruka!" "What did she ever do to you?" "What did she ever not do? She has always beaten me at every race, made me look like a fool, caused me so much pain. It's her turn. Don't you understand? It's HER TURN!" "No! You're crazy!" Yamada growled and pushed Michiru down into the bed. "I told you to sit." "Fine, I'm sitting." "Listen, Haruka is no good for you. She's cheap." "HOW DARE YOU! Haruka is everything I have ever wanted: Beautiful, sensitive, strong, there for me!" "I count on that aspect. You have no clue how she really is, do you? She beats us and gloats, marching around like a parade as if she were a goddess. People like that have no business of being around people like you." "I think it's YOU who doesn't understand." "Oh I understand. I understand that Haruka is shallow, cold, and uncaring. She's a snob if there ever was one, arrogant and haughty. AND she's a SHE! She has no right to be on the racing track." "Racing is her life. She's there 'cause she's better than all of you." Yamada gritted his teeth and backhanded Michiru who had walked right up into his face. She flew back onto the bed. A drip of blood slipped down her lip. Her delicate hand brushed it away as it trembled. She sat back up, staring at the red liquid. Yamada immediately regretted doing this, for he only wanted to hurt Haruka. "I'll get you a cloth. If you had just sat like you were supposed to this would never have happened." Michiru pulled herself closer to a corner and curled her knees into her chest. The blood was still dripping but she didn't care. "Haruka, where are you?," she thought.

Haruka sat in Michiru's studio. She had obviously not been sleeping. She hadn't changed from her muddy clothes. With weary eyes her hand rested over her mouth as she let out an uneasy sigh. Haruka tried to stand but was still so very shaky. Her eyes drifted over the beautiful paintings created by her lover. It had been three days. The

kidnapper hadn't contacted her. If another day passed she would go after Yamada herself. Haruka gravely walked past each painting—paintings of the ocean, of the animals—of the horse—the one Michiru made when they first arrived here. Haruka raised her head as she passed by the grand piano. A tear ran down her face as she gazed at the untouched violin that had once been played for her. She remembered all the times they would play together. How Haruka learned to play piano again for Michiru. She opened the case, looking at the beautiful carvings, at the long strings and the slenderness of its entirety. Haruka let her fingers run down its smooth surface. She couldn't hold the painful tears back any longer. She bit her lip in a great effort to evade the tears. Her eyes burned. Her lip began to bleed and the tears left. Haruka sat down, sinking. She lifted her quivering hands, probably shaking from lack of nutrition. She hadn't eaten a bite since Michiru left. Haruka bent her head, her hands grasping her face. Her shoulders racked in sobs, sobs of tears that were held back so strong, so tight. Everything she had ever felt just left her body. Haruka laid down and curled herself into a ball of anger, and frustration. She tried so hard to keep them down, the damnable tears that burnt her face. Haruka ran outside to the terrace. She couldn't help but to lean over in exhaustion. Her body was weak, her mind cloudy from the pain, her face streaked in tears. Haruka easily leapt the small fence and jogged to the ocean. "Michiru!" She yelled out. Nothing had ever unnerved Haruka as this. She ran down the beach, the sand cold. The ocean reminded her so of her Michiru. Haruka slipped, landing in the coarse sand. because of her senses, they were severely out of focus. Haruka lay there on the ground, wetting the hot sand with her tears. Her hands clenched the sand. She grasped a handful throwing it far into the water. "When I get my hands on you, Yamada! I'll kill you!"

Mary watched from the window as Haruka lay on the ground. She had never seen her cry before, and it unnerved to see the woman she had known for years in such pain and unbalance. She sighed and turned to Robert and Sarah, who had also been standing there, worried. "She's out there—crying—" Mary answered to their unspoken questions. "Haruka is crying!?" Robert exclaimed. "Yes, I feel so sad for the misses. I wish we could contact someone to help her." "The police?" Sarah cautiously asked. "No," Mary said, "The note says not to. Maybe she has some friends in Tokyo?" "It's worth a try," Robert said. The three left for Haruka's room. Sarah was cautious at first. She thought this was an invasion of Haruka's privacy, but Mary insisted that she would take the responsibility and explained that it was for Haruka's own good. Robert found a telephone book, and the three searched it. Mary showed a smile of hope and rushed to the phone.

Usagi was eating, as usual. Chibiusa stared at her, sharing in her appetite. Ami came in with books piled over her head. "Usagi! You need to study!" "I can't write now. Um weating. 'Old on." Chibiusa smiled and rolled her eyes, "She said that she's eating right now and to hold on." Usagi swallowed and smiled, "Thank you, Chibusa. Yes Ami?" "Well, the Arithmetic Test is coming up and you need to study." "I can do it later—" The ringing telephone cut off Usagi's words. "I'll get it." Usagi stood up and answered. "Moshimoshi, ee, this is she..." Her large smile was quickly replaced by an expression of grief. Ami caught this. "Usagi, what's wrong?" Usagi nodded, "Will do so," and hung up. Her hand went to her head, silently debating how to tell the news. Ami dropped her books and rushed to her. "Ami, get the others we're going to visit Haruka. Michiru has been kidnapped." Ami

gasped and grabbed her communicator. In less than an hour, Each Scout was at Usagi's house. Usagi sat and explained everything to the Scouts. Minako frowned. "How do you expect to get out of here? We can't just make a random trip." Ami smiled, "I've got that covered. I've made permission slips for some club field trip." Ami passed the notes out. They were ready to go.

Mary stepped outside of the house, sitting on the steps. Haruka had locked herself in her room, not coming out for anything, not even food. Mary prayed that her Tokyo friends would hurry here. Haruka was a wreck. It had been five days and she still hadn't changed. Mary turned to see Haruka on the balcony, her hair was a mess, she looked terrible, like she hadn't been sleeping well, or perhaps not at all. It was obvious that she hadn't been eating. Her cheek bones were shrunk in. A van dragged into the driveway. It swerved around to the front. This caught Haruka's attention. She leaned over to have a better view. Five girls emerged from it. It was the Scouts. Mary hugged them and invited them in. Haruka wondered what they were doing here, how they knew. She then realized how and smirked at Mary's slyness. Haruka kept the door shut. She didn't want to see the Scouts anymore. It would just remind her of the mission. Haruka frowned at this. She walked to her bed and lay down upon it, closing her eyes, eyes never seemed to stop flowing with tears. "Michiru, Michiru, Michiru, where are you?" Haruka heard Mary direct the Scouts up the stairs, knowing at how they were in awe of the immaculate mansion. There was a small knock on the door. Haruka could practically feel their worry. She sighed, "I don't want to talk right now, Mary, tell them to go away. Thank you." "It's me, Makoto, let's talk Haruka. We'd like to." Haruka stood up, she leaned against the door. "How are you Makochan? Doing well?" "I'm fine, the question is if you are. We're all here for you." "I know I saw you come in." "If we just talked about this." "What's there to talk about?" "For starters, how about, do you have any clue who did this?" Haruka picked up a medallion, the one she found after Michiru was kidnapped. She twirled the gold chain in between her fingers and hissed through clenched teeth, "Yes, Makochan, I know exactly who did this." Haruka walked over to the bed, the conversation was boring her and she had to Approach Yamada even though it may be risky. She had put it off for three days. Haruka walked quietly to her bed and tore the sheets off. She just sat and tore everything off. Her anger was quite evident. Rei paced outside the door. "Poor Haruka..." Usagi sighed, the others looked very grim. Mary tightened her lips. "Well, let's just go in shall we?" Mary tried the door; it was locked, she fished keys from her pocket and unlocked it. They walked in, calling Haruka's name. The room was empty. Haruka was no where to be seen and the sheets were gone from the bed. Usagi frowned, "I got out of my room like this once." Usagi walked over to the balcony. She sighed. "I was right, she's over there." The others looked and Haruka had climbed down her bed sheets to the ground. They watched as she raced across the grass to the garage. The Camaro raced off with Haruka in the driver's seat. Mary sighed, "I'm sorry, girls, you're welcome to stay." They all nodded.

Michiru sat in her usual corner. The days here have been both terrifying but unchanging. She'd wake up cold, hungry, get some poor takeout food from Yamada, to sit and listen to Yamada's preaching of how Haruka was wrong, and would pay. Then she would disagree, insult him, he'd hit her, apologize, and go off to a race. Haruka's disappearance had ruffled several reporters, stories sketched every headline. Michiru had several bruises all over her face, blood and

tears frequently would fall on the pillow she was given. Yamada still loved Michiru. He would look at her strangely, which worried Michiru, made her squirm. Michiru stood up one day, Yamada followed her with his eyes, his hand moving closer to his gun. "You don't need that stupid thing." Michiru's voice was calm as ever but still rich with venom. "I don't want you to run away on me." "Fine, call her, I'm ready to do what you said." "Are you sure? Will you say exactly what I told you?" "Yes." Yamada smiled and Michiru cringed inside. Hate grew in her, more and more for this man. Yamada picked up the phone and handed it to Michiru, who then began to shake. She took it and dialed. Haruka's voice weakly and sadly answered, "Talk." "Haruka, it's me." Michiru smiled at the sound of her lover's voice, but she equally cried from the familiar voice's grief. Haruka had just gotten home, and her heart had opened full bloom and skipped three beats when she heard Michiru. She cried newer tears of not grief but relief. "Are you ok? Michiru?" "Are you ok?" "Relatively speaking, Haruka," Michiru looked at Yamada and he nodded. Michiru sighed, "Do you love me, Haruka?" "More than life itself." "Then get the money to Tokyo Park at three o'clock tomorrow, and if not I'll..." Yamada poked her with his gun, the barrel stabbing her side, Michiru continued on. "If not I'll never forgive you and," Michiru paused and said with great malevolency, "I'll hate you more than anyone in the world, or for that matter in the universe." "Michiru...what are you saying? This isn't you. Tell me where you are..." "Shut-up, Haruka, don't play stupid. Give me the money." Yamada drew his finger across his neck, Michiru nodded and coughed into the receiver. She muttered during the cough the word 'Radio'. Yamada didn't catch it and Michiru hung up. Yamada smiled and wrapped his arms around Michiru. Breathing his hot breath into her ear, smelling her hair. She shuttered in his presence and squirmed her way to the couch, crying for her cruelties to Haruka. "Why'd you make me do that to her?" "She needed to have a little more pain. Nothing bad, great job, you should try acting in your future, if you have one." "I just would like to listen to some music. And be left alone." "I only have a radio." Michiru had hoped for that. "Then let me request a song." Yamada handed her the phone.

Haruka sat on the ground, the receiver in her hand still. Michiru couldn't have meant those cruel words...and what had radio meant? Might as well try. She turned it on and the happy sound of the jubilant announcer filled the room:

"Welcome to WBF1 radio, we're open for callers on request Rock and roll. The first caller, Hello, This is Race Marble, talk to me...You're on the air!" A small meek voice came on, sounding a little shaken up. Haruka's eyes widened, "Michiru?" The voice continued, "I would like to hear 'Angel Standing By' by Jewel." Marble's voice exclaimed, "Sure little lady, is it for anyone?" "Yes, Haruka, and 55 Siyono street, Tokyo! BYE!" The phone hung up and Race continued, "Well, that was rather strange don't you think? Well, here goes..." The music rang throughout the room, Haruka sat down as the lyrics playfully filled the room.

"//All through the night I'll be standing over you/All through the night I'll be watching over you/And through bad dreams I'll be right there baby/ Holding your hand, telling you everything is alright / And when you cry, I'll be right there/Telling you, you were never anything less than beautiful/So don't you worry/ I'm your angel standing by//"

Haruka stood up and rushed to the other scouts who hadn't heard a word from her since their arrival. Michiru yelled out in pain. Yamada pounded her blow after blow. She yelled out more loudly with each hit, her body being smashed between Yamada's fists. Normally she would strike back but Yamada hadn't ceased beating her and given her a chance. "Stop Yamada!!" "How dare you say that on the Radio station! How dare you!" "Stop Yamada, please! Stop!" Being struck in the face silenced Michiru. She was bleeding and was now badly bruised. She could barely speak anymore; her lip was so swollen. Yamada stared at her. He let down his defenses. Michiru leaned back in fear and pain, too weak to move. Yamada stared at the blood on the mattress. "This all can be traced back to me!" "Leave me the hell alone! I know you like me, I know you want me. Well, I would never go near a person such as you!" Michiru spit on the floor by his feet. Yamada struck her one more time, this time she fell back unconscious. Yamada leaned over her. "Michiru? Are you dead? No, no! you can't be! I didn't mean to!" He leaned over her, feeling her hair, how scruffy it was now, how bloody. He rubbed his fingers over her lips. Yamada shut his eyes at his sins.

Haruka was in her Camaro speeding faster than 300km/h. The Scouts were behind her in Mary's van. Haruka would get to Michiru. She had to. Michiru was her angel and it was now Haruka's time to stand by her. She knew where Siyono Street was, it was by the racetrack! Only a few more miles.

Michiru was still unconscious, with Yamada thinking she was dead. He lowered his lips to hers and kissed her passionately. He pulled himself away from her, wiping away a tear. He tied her to the bed, silently cursing himself, repeating his apologies to Michiru. Her bruised body lay frail, tied, bleeding. Yamada left for the track a block away. Haruka was racing towards Tokyo. The traffic was terrible, so it was a good thing the racetrack was on the outskirts of that city. Michiru still lay, losing more blood by the minute. Haruka had to hurry or Michiru may not make it.

Yamada returned with a canister of gasoline in his hand. Covering the room in gasoline, and around the bed, he left the shack, shaking in pain, not wanting to do what he was about to. It all could be traced back to him. What started out as a cruel joke, turned into a bloody death, on his own hands. "Goodbye, Michiru, I loved you." He lit a match and the place went up in a blaze. Yamada raced from the area, a sound of an oh so familiar Camaro roared into the street. Haruka was at the wheel, a fire in her eyes greater than the one that could possibly consume Michiru. Yamada dropped the gasoline and ran. Haruka leapt from the car, the Scouts following close behind. Haruka started for Yamada. Usagi called out, "No Haruka, we'll get him, go for Michiru!" Haruka turned and gasped at the burning building, the flames leapt higher and higher, feeding on the wood of the old shack. "MICHIRU!" She screamed in horror! She almost fainted from the thought of her true love being trapped inside the inferno! Her love for Michiru kept her going, she had to save Michiru! The Scouts ran after Yamada as Ami stayed behind. Haruka was about to dive into the flames when Ami pulled her back. "No, Haruka, watch." Ami stood up, "MERCURY POWER MAKEUP!! Ice bubbles smash!" Ice bubbles swarmed over the burning home, smothering the blaze down to blackened ash of the shack. Haruka raced in, burning herself on doors and objects still burning. She saw Michiru tied down, she looked so horrible! So dead. Haruka ran to her side, holding her hand. Michiru's legs were badly burned. Haruka wept tears of joy and terror, that her love was alive

yet she'd been abused so badly. A fire truck pulled up beside the shack. Michiru began to moan and move, Haruka hushed her. "Don't move Michiru, I am here for you now, I'm here." Haruka swiftly sliced the ropes that restrained Michiru. Michiru lifted her weak hand and touched Haruka's smooth face. She smiled at Haruka, her lover and soul mate, through the burns and blood. "I love you so much." Michiru fell back. She was put on a stretcher and taken to the hospital. Haruka slowly left the burning house, holding herself. Her mind raced. Salt was left behind on her face where the fire had dried the tears. The Scouts rushed up to her, glad she was okay. Their support was wonderful but it meant nothing right then. Haruka was too distant with worries for Michiru. Haruka's eyes scanned the ambulance; she dazedly started to walk over to it when her eye caught something. Yamada sat in a police car, obviously caught. Haruka walked over to him. Makoto caught sight of this and held her shoulder. Haruka shook it off and continued over to him. Yamada's window was open, he was smiling. "Glad you came, Haruka. Now you know what true pain is." He touched his lips, licking them. "Also, I can see what you like in Michiru, she's got a nice taste." Yamada started to laugh. It was a cold, devious laugh, one that made her stomach churn with anger. She punched his face with all the force in her. Yamada's nose started to bleed. Haruka lifted his medallion and threw it at his face with more force. It hit him in the nose again. "Go to hell, you bastard," She hissed through clenched teeth. A policeman led Haruka away to the ambulance which then left with Michiru and Haruka both inside it, holding hands. Haruka closed her eyes. It was over, Yamada was caught, and Michiru was safe with her. Everything was fine now. Everything would be okay. It was now her turn to be the Angel standing over Michiru.

"//All through the night, I'll be standing over you/Ã%/ So don't you worry/ I'm your angel standing by//"

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End  
file.